

THE WAR CRY

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101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

BRAMWELL BOOTH
General

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man.

VOL. IX. No. 34. Price 5c.

Winnipeg, August 25, 1928

CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner

WHILE THE MEETING WENT ON

The Kitchen Table became an Altar of Prayer



It was a long, dusty, blazing road along which Teddy Guernsey was slouching—his manner of progression could be described in no other manner. He wondered if it ever would bring him within reach of food and shelter. It would not have been so bad if there had been some beauty in the scenery, but when one has seen nothing but pit-heads and slag heaps for days, and smelt nothing but iron-stone fumes for nights, there cannot be expected much of the picturesque in the near surroundings.

Teddy tramped along, much too weary to ponder over beauty of scenery; it was as much as he could do to lift one foot in front of another—all his time was taken up in deliberating as to whether the place of the next footprint would be appreciably softer than the last. He had come hundreds of miles—at least he felt as if he had—since the morning, although he knew, actually, he had not managed more than five miles since he had been ousted from the shed in which an irate house-steeper had found him when she went to get in the morning's coal supply.

The hours dragged on, and so did he. Until at last, to his intense pleasure, astronomically, if not physically, he was reaching a place of a meal, although he would not get it except by permission of some charitable soul.

The country road gave way to streets, with sidewalks as hot and as hard as the road-side path; dwelling houses and stores took the place of pit-heads; squalling

children hindered his trembling footsteps, but he pushed on. Somebody had told him: that in this town he would find a Salvation Army Hostel where he would get food and shelter,—and that hope just supported him, and no more.

Night had fallen, hot and cheerless, before he found the Hostel, he had missed the way because of the jumbled directions he had received. He sank down on the door-step of the house, weary, exhausted, starving—worn out.

What a sight he was. It was a blessing he was miles from his own home town and so unlikely to be recognised; his clothing in rags, and his feet—worse than shoeless—throb-

bing with a pain that was unbearable.

The door opened, and there stood a Salvation Army man whose heart was as full of understanding pity as ever was the heart of man; he himself had come by just such a weary way. Scarce heeding the faltering request of the trembling lad, for Teddy was not much more than a boy, he lifted him over the doorstep, and sat him down in his own little office, and gazed at him.

But for a moment only. Frank Gush was not one to waste either words or time. Carrying the fainting boy up to one of the Hostel cubicles, he found hot water, and gently bathed those blistered feet, and then laid the traveller on the clean bed, and hurried to the kitchen to get him the just as necessary food.

(Continued on page 2)

A sight which gladdened
His heart for many a day



Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Proverbs 16: 22-33. "A whisperer separateth chief friends." The Great Tempter to evil, and "accuser of the brethren," is the source of all such poisonous whispering. He delights in destroying human love and friendship, and finds no easier way of doing this than through a back-biting tongue. Let us beware then of all evil-speaking, and pray that the Spirit of love and truth may help us rather to hide than to make known the faults of others.

Monday, Proverbs 17: 1-14. "A reproof entereth more into a wise man than an hundred stripes into a fool." Have you ever thought that you show your sense, or the want of it, by the way you take reproof? Any one can flare up or become sulky. But the wise man never needs to profits by reproof that they never need to be corrected again for the same fault.

Tuesday, Proverbs 17: 15-28. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Here is a way in which you can help every one near you, even if you possess little of this world's goods. Be cheerful and even-tempered under all circumstances, and you will do more good than you are aware of. "Cheerful be, it will your burdens lighten. One glad heart will always others brighten."

Wednesday, Proverbs 18: 1-12. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it and is safe." Is your heart, fearful as you face today's duty and conflict? Here is a beautiful morning prayer for you. "Great God may I not be afraid of what the day may bring. May I hide in Thee, and meet everything calmly and confidently, with perfect and joyful trust."

Thursday, Proverbs 18: 13-24. "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

"Come and rejoice with me. For I have found a Friend, Who knows my heart's deep secret need, Yet loves me without end."

They can never be lonely or hopeless who enjoy the friendship of Jesus. Every need of the heart in which He dwells shall be freely and fully met. Choose Him as your Saviour and Friend, and His love will become a transforming power in your every-day life and character.

Friday, Proverbs 19: 1-16. "He that speaketh lies shall not escape." People are often untruthful to escape disgrace or punishment, but they are generally found out—later, if not at once. Then they have the same difficulty to face, with the addition of a reputation for untruthfulness. Guard your lips always from the beginnings of deceit and untruthfulness, and so save yourself future sorrow and disgrace. Ask God to give you a heart hatred of all forms of untruth.

Saturday, Proverbs 19: 17-29. "The fear of the Lord tendeth to life: and he that hath it shall abide satisfied." God gives to all His obedient children, dread, abiding peace and satisfaction. Troubles and trials do come, but His love and friendship give a rest of heart when nothing can destroy.

"The Love of God encircling like a rainbow, The many colored bow of His sweet will:

"Thus moving, so encircled, ever onward, The life is safe, and beautiful and still!"

A poorly clad man stood irresolutely in the wintry wind on a busy street corner, says Commissioner Bregle. As I passed him I tapped him on the shoulder and said, "God bless you!" looked back, and his plain face lit up as though a burst of sunlight had fallen upon it.

The Story of "Great Stone Face"

"For God hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. 4: 6.

HAVE you ever heard the story of the boy who lived in a great valley where the mountain cliff had been so shaped by the chisel of nature that at one aspect it precisely resembled the features of a man? It was a face all noble, with an expression at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast warm heart that embraced all mankind in its affection and had room for more.

The boy, whose name was Ernest, used to gaze very lovingly on this strange appearance, and long for the fulfilment of the ancient prophecy that promised that some day the valley would produce a man who should be the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, would bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

And so the years rolled on, and that great benignant face was Ernest's only teacher, and the sentiment expressed in it enlarged the young man's heart and filled it with a wider and deeper sympathy than other hearts.

"He Will Come"

Now and again it was rumoured that the man of the prophecy had appeared, but Ernest could never recognise the familiar features in the men for whom the claim was made; but though he was disappointed, his heart still whispered, as if it were the Great Stone Face sneaking, "Fear not, Ernest; he will come."

More years passed tranquilly away, and gradually Ernest became known amongst the people of the valley for his kindliness and wisdom. Not a day passed but the world was better because this man, humble as he was, had lived.

Then, news of his wisdom spread to places beyond the confines of his valley home, and wise men came from far and near to have speech with this man who, held a finer wisdom than their own; and as they passed away from him along the valley they would look at the Great Stone Face, and wonder where they had seen a human face like that.

At last there came to visit him one of the world's greatest poets, with instincts above those of other men, and as he heard the heavenly wisdom of Ernest as he preached to his people; as he looked on that noble face so full of benevolence, so grand in its expression, he threw his arms aloft, and shouted: "Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked, and saw

that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The man of the prophecy had come.

But I can tell you a better story even than this. I knew a man once who was a terrible drunkard, who reeled around the streets of the town nearly always in a drunken condition. His clothes were dirty and torn, and he used to smell with a stench which was almost unbearable. His face was bloated and blotched, his eyes were bleary, his hair ragged and unkempt. He was a dreadful sight.

Eye was Clear and True

Then one day he turned to Jesus Christ, and found His Salvation. He marched the streets of his town as a man. His step grew firm and steady, his eye was clear and true. He Salvation Army Soldier, and preached of His Saviour with his comrades at the street corners.

Gradually his face lost its bloated and blotched appearance; his "flesh" became as that of a little child, and he was pure and clean in the sight of all men. But that was not the end of the miracle. His very countenance was altered until men remarked upon



With his comrades at the street corners

his likeness to the saints of old. His hair was of a beautiful auburn colour, and as he stood in the Open-Air Meetings with his cap off, and the sun shining down on him, it seemed, often enough, that he had a halo of glory around him. One day a poor woman of the street said, as he stood around the Meeting: "He looks like Jesus Himself."

So can we also become. When He shall lift up the light of His countenance upon us men and women shall see us and declare that they also have seen the Lord.

While the Meeting Went on

(Continued from page 1)

Wearily and painfully Teddy passed the night; his feet ached intolerably, and it only required a very hasty examination on the part of the Hostel Superintendent the next day to see that they had become septic, and that the lad would be a sick individual for days to come. Hospital treatment became necessary, but as soon as Teddy could hobble back to the Hostel, and to Frank Gush, who had become a firm friend, he was back.

The routine of the place went along; meetings in the "Chapel" most every night, but Teddy did not like to go in, for his clothes still shamed him. So he sat outside—in the kitchen—where he could hear the song and the testimony. One evening Frank stole out of the meeting to attend to some "chores" in the kitchen, stole out quietly so that the speaker should not be disturbed, and as he pushed aside the swing door, he saw a sight which gladdened his heart for many a day.

Teddy was there at a Penitent-Firm of his own. It was the kitchen table

which stood by the stove, and which was often cluttered up with pots and pans, but it had become the Altar of Prayer for the dejected lad. Whatever may have been Frank's errand, it was forgotten in a new duty—that of pointing Teddy to the Saviour.

There he knelt, every movement of his poor feet causing him agony—for they were still bound in bandages, but the agony of his body was overcome in the joy of his soul. The kitchen became a house of deliverance.

"We do not like any story of this kind which does not finish happily, and this one pleases us immensely," for Teddy not only found Salvation, he also found physical healing, and he also eventually found his way home again. He often says that he does not remember much of the road which brought him to that Hostel, but he does remember the Place where his sins rolled away—at that kitchen table.

One in Him

In Christ there is no east or west. In Him no south or north. But one great fellowship of the Spirit. Throughout the whole world.

In Him shall true hearts ever meet. His high communion. His service in the golden light. Close hindert all mankind.

Join hands, then, brothers of the world. Whatever your race may be. Who serve My Father as of old. In a surety kin to Me.

In Christ now meet both east and west. In Him meet north and south. All Christly souls are one in Him. Throughout the whole world.

It Suited Him

At the close of a Salvation Army Officer in charge noticed a man who seemed to be desperately in need of Salvation. So he called to him, "Jesus can save to the uttermost." "Suits me," said the man. "Do you believe in Jesus?" said the Officer.

"I believe that He's a Gentleman of His word," replied the man. "I never saw any one that I couldn't take that man very long to get saved. Anyone who believes that Jesus is a 'Gentleman of His word' will step right into Salvation and take the other steps automatically."

The Miracles of Faith

What cannot true prayer accomplish? What has it not accomplished in the past? The Bible records show us, as has been well said, that Prayer has divided seas, rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rocks to gush into fountains, quenched flames of fire, muzzled lions, disarmed vipers and poisons, marshalled the stars against the wicked, stopped the course of the moon, arrested the sun in its rapid pace, burst open prison gates, recalled souls from eternity, conquered the strongest devils, commanded legions of angels down from Heaven. Prayer has brought one man from the bottom of the sea and carried another in a chariot of fire to Heaven.

The Revealer of Sin

The following story reminds us of the foolish attitude which some people are apt to adopt towards the Bible because it declares plainly the nature of sin and its deadly results.

A native of India was once shown, through a microscope, the germs in the water from the Ganges, and was told not to drink that water any more. He did not like the look of the germs wriggling round in the water, so he took a heavy stick and broke the microscope and continued to drink the water.

Which is an illustration for those who are able to receive it.

How's Your Soul?

You meet the average man and take him by the hand and say, "How are you feeling, how is your health, how is business, how is the world treating you?"

That man warms up, appreciates your interest, and regards you as a gentleman. But you take him by the hand and say, "How is your soul to-day?" and he cuts off, edges away hastily and looks at you out of the corners of his eyes as if you had said something terrible.

Yet the health of his soul is far more important than that of his body; and some day he'll wish he had asked and replied to your question, and had the way of Salvation.

There have been countless explanations for the fact that Jesus Christ had come to the ages and in winning their hearts, also the loyal service of their lives. He has not cramped the field them with an overabundance of man's full of life and freedom for them in a glorious profusion. He found His way not an impracticable, but a way out of prison.—H. R. I. RAND.

It's a World Wide Salvation Army

82 Countries & Colonies - 59 Languages - 14,719 Corps & Outposts - 22,847 Officers & Co-opts

A JAPANESE STALWART

HOW LT.-COLONEL KATARO YABUKI BECAME A FIGHTER FOR GOD

The following from our note book concerns how Lt.-Colonel Kataro Yabuki, Candidates' Secretary and Spiritual Campaigner, met The Army. From the standpoint of service, the Colonel is the second oldest Officer in Japan. To Lt.-Commissioner Yamamuro, who, during pre-Army days, was Yabuki's fellow-student, falls the honour of the greatest length of service as an Officer. It was when he was a medical student that Yabuki met Yamamuro. Little did they dream in those days of the gateway of service that God was opening for them.

They had gone their separate ways and their recollection of each other was becoming a dim memory until one evening, passing along Ginza Street in Tokyo, Yabuki was attracted by an announcement outside the Salvation Army Hall, for the pioneer party had landed and was already establishing itself, and considerable interest was being created in them and the work they were doing. Outside the Hall were some Japanese Comrades inviting their fellow-countrymen to enter. Amongst the Salvationists was Yamamuro.

Could Not Believe His Eyes

At first Yabuki could not believe his eyes, but there could be no mistake about it when he spoke. There was an exchange of greetings, and Yabuki accepted Yamamuro's invitation and went into the Hall, where, little by little, he realised that the power was working in his heart, of which he had been unaware previously. He now knows that it was the Holy Spirit.

When the Leader began the Bible Lesson Yabuki was all attention, and more and more he was moved by what he heard. The story of the raising of Jairus' daughter was the subject. It was related with heartfelt simplicity, and the speaker declared that the hand of Jesus could reach every hand outstretched in appeal.

That night Yabuki stretched out his hand in faith, and was lifted from his doubts and fears and sins. Not only was he saved in that Meeting, but he heard the call to Officership in it. He felt that his hand had been gripped in the Divine Hand, not merely for his own sake, but that he might keep on his feet, and go about in victory, and the way to do this, he felt, was through Salvation Army Officership. All this was settled in his quickly working mind when he was at the Mercy-Seat.

First Publicly-enrolled Soldier

Lt.-Colonel Yabuki scores one, at any rate, over his old time fellow-student, as his present Territorial Commander, for he was the first Soldier to be publicly enrolled in Japan, where, so great was the need just then, that he had been accepted as a Cadet even before he became an enrolled Soldier.

Our Comrade had to face a good deal of opposition and even persecution. One Corps he commanded was situated near a Buddhist temple, and many people used to crowd round in Open-Air Meetings with the result that Yabuki, as the Officer in Charge, was sentenced to two days in Prison for causing an obstruction.

He did not suffer in vain. After he came out of jail there was no further difficulty, and our Comrades there, as elsewhere in Japan, have freedom to march and witness for Christ in the Open-Air.

In all the Lord's work we do well to carry with us Carey's mottoes: "Attempt great things for God, and expect great things from Him," or, better still, let the Holy Spirit be the Worker, for He is the only One who can make us know "the effectual working of His power" (Eph. iii. 7).

Jottings From my Notebook

By Ensign T. Burr, Boys' Boarding School, Anand, India

THE breaking up of school for the summer vacation left us in quietness for a time, though by no means idle. I am spending each morning this week in the Out-patient's Department at the hospital at the doctor's side, learning what I can. This first morning, about 8.30 a.m., I found a crowd already around the doctor. He sat at a table with an assistant opposite, recording particulars of each case, and translating for the doctor as the examination went on. What a variety of cases there were—many people with chest troubles more or less serious, two children with sore eyes, one of them a baby a few weeks old, an old man of sixty, all skin and bone; being an acute case of T.B., and contrasting with him a Mohammedan in the prime of life of enormous proportions, suffering with pains in all his joints. These and many more occupied the doctor till one o'clock without a break, when the door was closed until three in the afternoon.

One woman's story was that her husband had had nine children by his first wife and now she had borne him three but not one of the twelve were living and the husband was angry with this woman because she was not bearing any more. Another case was that of a lad fallen from a tree upon his head, sustaining a fractured skull—a dangerous case—but the people preferred to take him home with some medicine rather than let him remain at the hospital.

I have continued attending at the hospital and each morning there is a group of patients seeking medical aid. The doctor is kept at it for long hours, even his nights being sometimes disturbed for urgent cases. One thing that strikes me is that for every person who comes to the hospital there are ten in the villages needing treatment who do not come, and a missionary Officer with some elementary knowledge of medicine might do much good work in going around the villages. Of those who do come, it is apparent that many of them would have been saved much suffering if they had come sooner. A wound or a sore is allowed to fester and become septic, and what could have been remedied in a day or two may take many days or weeks in healing.

One man offered the doctor a double fee to give him better treatment, think-

ing that with extra money the doctor would do more for him, at which our worthy doctor was greatly incensed, and made it known to all the patients standing around that that was not The Army way; that everyone received the same attention whether they had money or not.

There was one specially sad case of eye trouble—a little boy of four years, his eyes very sore and bloodshot, the sight of one irretrievably gone, the other going the same way; but with the possibility of saving it with proper treatment. A case of sheer neglect, the trouble having gone on for three or four months and now the father is dissatisfied because after two or three days at the hospital the boy is not better.

Some of the cases are X-rayed in order to get a better diagnosis; and I stood by the doctor's side while three or four were being done, a screen being held over the patient's body, which gave a picture of the part being examined. While doing this we happened to touch shoulders and the table at the same time and both of us got a shock from the current which passed through our bodies. We got a surprise, but no hurt.

I have just returned from an adventurous tour into the hills. We were anxious to get away from the heat of Cujerat for a little time during the vacation and Headquarters kindly agreed to this, provided I undertook the annual collecting at three of the hill stations: Khandala, Lonavla and Matheran in the Western Ghats. This enabled us to have some time with our girls who are spending the school vacation at Khandala. Vernon and John especially had a great time together; and it was nice to see how they played; Cathie, of course, enjoyed the visit too. I had a very strenuous time gathering up the pice, which is too long a story to tell here. I think in Matheran alone I must have walked a matter of 60 miles odd, as it is situated on the top of a mountain and I had no other mode of conveyance. People who can afford it, use either rickshaw or horses up there.

An extra responsibility has been given to us on our return to Anand. The Officer in charge of the Training Home, which is close to our School, is away on his home-

IN BELGIUM'S CAPITAL

Some Recent Stories of our Work of Mercy

The following is taken from an interesting dispatch to hand from Brigadier Muller, Commander for the Belgian Sub-Territory.

"In connection with The Army's Home for young mothers and infants in Brussels, during the last six months eighty-five women and girls and fifty-nine children have been received into the Home. The majority of the adults have been helped and placed in work, and a number of children have been adopted or put out to nurse, and a number are still in the Home. Several married couples living apart have been brought together through The Army's influence. Twelve of the little children have been dedicated under The Army Flag, and one of the young women has been enrolled as a Soldier. Several others will ultimately become Salvationists.

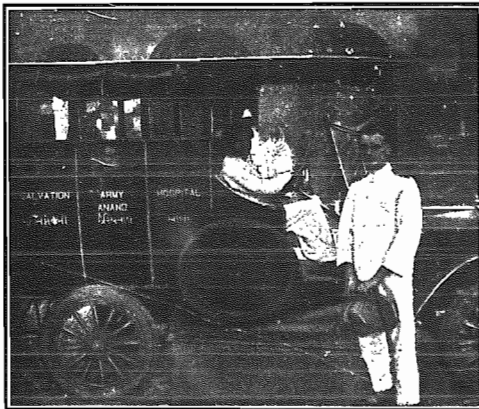
A couple in distress recently arrived at the Home. The girl had a baby, and her condition was extremely delicate. She was a certificated teacher, and her fiancé was a British subject. They had not a penny in the world, but the girl was taken in, and the young man was given the sum of seventy francs in order to rent a room, and sixty-five francs to get his best suit out of pawn. This encouraged, he found work in an American bank and is doing well. He has paid back the money borrowed, and is saving to get married and prepare a home. Their second baby has been dedicated and the girl is converted." Our comrades hope soon to marry this couple under The Flag.

"A gentleman, working in a government office, came in great distress to our comrades. His only daughter had been caught stealing from the shop where she worked. She already had a child, and he felt that the only hope for his daughter was the Salvation Army. The girl came to us, got converted, and now gives a bright testimony where she now works, and is hoping soon to be enrolled as a Soldier and have her little one dedicated to God. Many girls who have been cast off because of their fault are often reconciled with their parents and return to them with their babies."

land furlough and we have been asked to do some of the lecturing to the Cadets in addition to our work at the School. Teaching is not difficult for me, but time is needed in preparing oneself. My wife is giving me valuable help and at present gives the morning lecture on five days a week, while I have five part-lessons with the Cadets per week on Bible and Doctrine.

We have just hidden fire all to two of our neighbors here, Ensign and Mrs. Bear, who have just gone on their home-land furlough after seven years spent in Gujarat, most of the time at the Anand Hospital, where the Ensign has given very valuable help to the Army, having had charge of the X-ray department and the laboratory, beside giving anaesthetics in the operating theatre. Mrs. Bear has also put in a great deal of time at the hospital as a nurse, notwithstanding the claims of home and of her children. At a farewell party the doctor said, "I feel that I am in your right hand," and then he very properly quoted this, "Getting-up-in-the-morning prayer" by R. L. Stevenson:

"O God, we are starting on our ordinary round of life; We shall meet many tribulations which we shall have to bear; At the end of the day, we shall come to a rest tired and Undisheartened."



A travelling dispensary wheel is doing a good work among the sick of India.

Among the Homesteads and Villages

1829

**Centenary
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ampaign
1929**



**The Charioteers
Continue their
Victory-Winning
Career in the
Highways and
By-ways of the
West**

The Northern Saskatchewan Chariot

AMONG many other places visited recently by the Northern Saskatchewan Chariot were Watrous, Sunny Valley and Kerrobert. From place to place the messengers have travelled, and everywhere the people have showed much interest; we believe have been truly blessed, and have awakened from their sin to a consciousness of their responsibility towards God.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gosling, our Divisional Leaders, were at the helm during the Campaign at Watrous, and a number of visitors from neighboring Corps were also with us—among them being Adjutant and Mrs. Johnstone from Melfort, Envoy and Mrs. Mepharm of Saskatoon, Brother O. D. Hill and his son Robert from Melfort, the Corps Sergeant-Major from Prince Albert, and Sister Olive, of Harding, Alberta. These visitors, together with the Corps Officers, Captain and Mrs. Blue, and the Soldiers did yeoman service.

Chairs were taken to the Beach, bills were handed out, and everything done to make the visit a success. Preceding the Meetings the Chariot, and Captain Blue, went from Beach to Beach, where the Meetings were announced, and as a consequence large crowds gathered at Beach No. 1. As can be imagined, our joy was full when one young woman knelt and found mercy.

Centre of Salvation Activity

Coming upon a little Salvation Army Hall, standing alone on a large plot of ground, one would hardly realize the Salvation life emanating from that same building. Truly God has blessed the efforts of Envoy and Mrs. Hunt at Sunny Valley. It is interesting to know that practically every local social function centres around the Hall, under the supervision of the Envoy. We believe much good resulted from the efforts of the Charioteers at this place. The people were most keen to hear the message.

On Saturday, August 4, we arrived in Kerrobert, where we were welcomed by Lieutenant Murdie, who is holding in alone. She led the night Open-Air service, and it is easy to see that her heart is in the fight. Crowds gathered to listen to the message delivered faithfully, and to the earnest testimonies of the Soldiers of Christ.—L. yee.

The Southern Saskatchewan Chariot

WE ARE certainly touring through a wonderful country. The other morning, from our breakfast-table we could see four towns at once. With this fine view we brought out our map, and schedule, located the town set for next enterprise, and started off. Summer weather was rather a surprise, with the usual hotel, general store, implement warehouse, and very few inhabitants.

However, the Chariot was rolled into town in front of the hotel, and we set up a familiar tune on our instruments. Before the playing stopped a crowd of children gathered on the sidewalk, waiting for the Meeting to start. Piped Piper certainly has had nothing to do. Here was our audience and choir lined, and directly the children started to sing with all the gusto of youth. From the street we could see storekeeper

and housewives on the doorsteps, listening to the singing. So there was our adult congregation, and we soon grasped the opportunity to thrust in some real Gospel shots. But the close of the Meeting, after plenty of singing and talking, was not the end of that episode.

A Friendly Hotel-Keeper

The hotelkeeper's heart was touched and he offered to treat all the youngsters to ice-cream, and the Charioteers to a cool drink of "pop." Naturally, neither offer was refused. After a few friendly words with the man, we left, feeling that at least one soul had been blessed through our efforts, and a deep impression made upon the minds of the children.

We started, true enough, for our next scheduled stopping-place, the town of Wilcox, but our route took us through another small town, Truax, not mentioned on our programme, and of course we stopped on the main street for a Meeting. The children, as usual, predominated, and were so anxious to sing and listen; not at all like the adults, who stood aloof, as if ashamed to be seen listening to the Gospel Story. Truly, the Kingdom of God is for the children and the childlike in spirit.

In this town we met the son of an old Salvationist whose father used to be

The Chariot was put in trim for another day's journey, and then we went to the post office for our mail, and our first batch of "War Crys". A new task was now before us, the selling of those same "Crys." There being no better time than the "present," we started off immediately, and many new and blessed experiences came to us as we journeyed from door to door. We found, among other things, that those visible on the street the night before were not the only ones blessed by our Meeting, but that people all over the town had listened to our music and song.

The Roman Catholic Priest gave one of the Officers a cordial welcome, introduced him to the class of boys who were having a Meeting in his house at the time, then purchased a "War Cry", giving the Lieutenant all the change he had in his pocket at the time.

Another Milestone

At Milestone, our next stop, we carried out the same afternoon programme with the children as we had done at Wilcox. While we were having tea, however, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Tutte and their family arrived from Regina to pay us a surprise visit, and with these welcome reinforcements we commenced our evening Meeting. People gathered all round us, the balance of our audience occupied

God asks you best for the Centenary Call Campaign

Sergeant-Major of the Ipswich Corps, in the Old Country. And indeed, we meet many such comrades in our travels.

After Many Days

So much for Truax. We hurried on to Wilcox; the roads were soft, making the Chariot chug heavily, and sometimes bringing her to a stop, but, after much perseverance with long gear, we arrived at our destination late in the afternoon. We straightaway started a Meeting for the children, and much to our astonishment they knew some of the choruses we started to teach them. Upon enquiry we found that the good seed sown by the Charioteers last year did not all fall on stony ground, but rooted, and is living on in the hearts of the children.

At eight o'clock we were on the streets again, in front of us being the children of the afternoon, their chums, many of their parents, and a crowd of farmers sitting in their cars. After all had been provided with song-sheets we started our Meeting by singing the good old hymn, "Jesus, the Name high over all," to the tune of "Congress." Rousing singing by the children, short and to the point talks by the two Lieutenants, and a message from the Captain reminded the people of their need of a personal Salvation. And so ended another day of Chariot ministry.

Booming the "Crys"

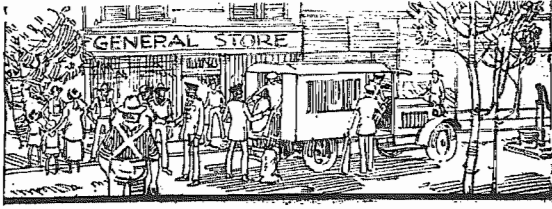
We were up next morning bright and early, having stayed in Wilcox over night.

autos which lined the street. The Staff-Captain's trombone was a great help, and Mrs. Tutte's solo added much to the spirit of the Meeting. The Staff-Captain spoke most convincingly, and we had the feeling that many resolved quietly to serve God from that beautiful summer evening on.—O.D.D.D.

The Alberta Chariot

ON FRIDAY, Lougheed was the scene of two fights. Many townsfolk made their way inside to view the boxing-match which was taking place, while a number remained outside to see four Charioteers aim blow after blow on the strongholds of Satan. Although no visible results were obtained the four Salvationists were confident that the Evil One had sustained a severe blow.

To a good-sized crowd on Saturday night, the Charioteers gave forth their message in Sedgwick, and here on Sunday morning they joined forces with the Rev. Mr. Wood of the Union Church. Captain Banney took the lesson, and many folks, after the service, expressed their pleasure at the music provided by the young men. The Charioteers accompanied Mr. Wood during the day. Prairie Park being visited in the afternoon, and Killarney for the evening service. The efforts of the Salvationists, put forth in the strength of God were much blessed and appreciated during the day.



A good attendance was the result of the visit of the Charioteers to the small town of Storm, where the townsfolk sang heartily, and listened attentively to all that was said. In response to the invitation six seekers stepped forward, and standing before the Chariot platform, gained the victory.

The people of Daysland seemed indifferent to the presence of the Charioteers, until one of the four jumped down from the platform and started the children singing. The music made by the youngsters interested their elders, and quite a number soon gathered around. The four messengers put their best into the Meeting and believed afterwards that some good had been done.

Bawlf is a small town, and a small gathering of townsfolk there listened to the message. Those present, however, made up their lack of numbers by singing heartily, grown-ups and children alike. The children picked up the new choruses and sang lustily, and best of all, four adults and one child raised their hands for prayer, two of these friends being from the Old Men's Home in the town.

The Manitoba Chariot

ON Friday and Saturday we had the pleasure of visiting, distributing "War Crys" and playing and singing to the patients of the Ninette Sanatorium. We are indebted to Dr. Stewart, the Superintendent, for this privilege, and feel sure our visit was much appreciated. We were served at the end of the evening meal, and hardly wonder that the patients were enjoying it so much; it certainly looked most appetizing. Everyone here has the best of care, and all possible attention, and their praises for the staff are indeed high.

Our Meeting in the town of Ninette was disturbed owing to a severe thunder storm.

The main street of Killarney, our next stopping place, was lined with cars and a very large crowd of people being in town, our Meeting was well attended. We felt God very near, especially as at the close of the Meeting five raised their hands for prayer.

We enjoyed a splendid Meeting at Cartwright on Sunday morning, when we were in the United Church, which was well-filled. Everyone sang heartily, especially the young men; this latter we are sorry to say, is not of too frequent occurrence.

Found Salvation Before Retiring

Owing to the distance to Boissevain, our next stop, no afternoon Meeting was held, but we made up for it at night, when we had an exceptionally fine Meeting in Boissevain, the town park being the scene of our labors. At the close one man sought Christ after a talk to us in the Chariot. A young woman told us that she should have knelt at the drum in Killarney on the previous night, but we rejoiced that she found Salvation before retiring that night. We give God the glory for these victories.

Our crowds at Wawanase and Franklin were disappointing, and the threatening storm at Minnedosa kept away many. At the latter town we found Sister Mrs. St. John, a good old Salvationist, who is still busy selling "War Crys", in spite of the fact that she is eighty-five years old. It really seems to keep her quite young-looking.

On the road to Nowdale we were stuck, but not for long, for a passing commercial traveller, evidently an old hand at

(Continued on page 8)



Colonel Jack Addie.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
 Founder—William Booth
 General—Bramwell Booth
 Canada West and Alaska
 International Headquarters
 London, England

Territorial Commander,
 Lieut.-Colonel Chas. Rich,
 317-319 Carlton St.,
 Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$1.50 prepaid. Address The Publications Secretary, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg. Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada West by The Farmer's Advocate of Winnipeg, Limited, c/o Notre Dame and Langside Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

GENERAL ORDERS

HARVEST FESTIVAL, 1928—Staff and Field Officers are requested to note that Harvest Festival Celebrations should be held throughout the Canada West Territory during the month of September. Actual Corps dates will be decided by the Divisional Commander.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RALLY DAY will be observed at all Corps throughout the Territory on Sunday, September 16th.

CHAS. T. RICH,
 TERRITORIAL COMDR.

THE GENERAL

It is not surprising that the General found the heat of recent days in the Old Land very trying, in addition to which we regret to say he suffered from an attack of neuritis that proved extremely painful. With the advent of cooler weather, there is good reason for hoping that our Leader's condition will again improve and that this much to be desired advance may be maintained.

The assurances of prayers and sympathy which continue to reach the General and Mrs. Booth are a source of cheer and blessing. Let us unite in praising God for His upholding grace vouchsafed to our beloved Leader during this trying period, as well as in pleading for a complete restoration to health and vigour.

COLONEL "JACK" ADDIE RETIRES

Man who brought The Army to the Land of the Maple Leaf, drops Active Service to Rest in Sunlight of a Well Spent Life

THERE is only one "Jack" Addie—there can never be another. Called and chosen of God to serve his day and generation, beloved by his people throughout the length and breadth of the North American continent, twenty times a distinguished guest at the International Centre, the man today—gentle voice, with occasional deepening tones like the distant rumble of war; hearty and kind of manner; penetrating and earnest of eye; child-like of mind and meekness—bears upon his countenance, for all and sundry chancing thereon to gaze, the marks of the meek and lowly Christ whom he has served for nearly half a century, and in his body the results of long and arduous warfare in the service of his fellows.

Colonel John C. Addie was born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, of staunch Presbyterian parents. Practically brought up by his grandmother, "a guid old Scotch widow who wadna see her grandson, gae wrang for want o' just correction," he early became familiar with many passages of the Bible.

She Made Him Listen

"She wadna lay a hand till him," but when madcap Jack chanced to perform any of his feats of misdeed, or the lady would seat the scapegoat on a stool in the corner, solemnly reach for her Bible, adjust her spectacles and, after careful search, finally point to a certain passage—maybe ten verses, maybe twenty—where Jack would be required to memorize and recite before he should be allowed to stir from his stool.

In course of time young Jack was apprenticed to drapery, and then to dye, and of an evening, in company with other lads, neither very bad nor very good, he walked the streets in search of amusement. Chancing to notice a crowd of people at the top of a hill one night, their attention was attracted by a great bundle of something being rolled over and over down the hill amid much shouting and hilarious gesticulation of the mob. Propelled by the hands and feet of men, the bundle quickly reached the bottom, where, gathering itself together and springing to its feet, it instantly roared in a stentorian voice, "Hallelujah!"

Now Jack didn't know what Hallelujah meant, and the fact that such a jolly-faced individual should submit with so good grace to such a mauling was subject for amazement, but those brown eyes set in that jolly bewhiskered face continued to follow at his waking hours, and he became curious to know the answer to the puzzle.

One Sunday morning, finding that his chum was still in thrall to the goddess Sleep, he took a turn around the streets to while away the time, and by chance came upon what looked like a party of escapees from the nearest asylum. In spite of himself, Jack followed the queer folks to the Hall and soon discovered that he was in a sort of religious meeting. The prayers touched him, the testimonies gripped him, and the Prayer-Meeting found him jumping over the seats in a headlong rush to the Penitent-Form. Rising from his knees, Jack knew at last what made "Johnny Lawley," wearer of the strange face, so happy, and how he could endure without protest the rough handling of the ungodly mob.

Jack Addie finally became a Salvation Army Soldier in Jarroon-on-Tyne. The old gentleman, his father, was indignant!

"What had his son to do with a job meant only for God's ministers? Since the maggot had gotten into his head there was no doing anything with him; he must be off to the preaching in the streets every night!" and to get his son away from the objectionable influence, a long-cherished wish was revived, and Jack was sent to Canada, settling in London, Ontario.

The Methodists were holding revival services when he arrived, and that being the nearest approach to the Army that he could find, he at once attached himself to that body, never missing an opportunity to pray and testify. During the meetings he became acquainted with a young man whose soul was likewise burdened for souls, and when the evangelist had departed, these two boys decided to continue the good work by holding cottage meetings "on their own."

One night a stranger entered, rose and sang a Salvation Army song. Young Addie was so affected that he almost lost control of the meeting in his eagerness to share with the stranger. Finding that he was a real Salvation Army convert, he exclaimed, "Why, you are the fellow I've been trying to find these six months!" "And you," said Joe Ludgate, "are the fellow I've been looking for for six months!"

Jim Cathcart and the rest of the bunch couldn't understand what had come over their friend Addie, and it was finally decided that Jim should go on with the cottage meetings while Jack and the stranger should conduct open-air meetings in true Salvation Army style. Converts were made, and immediately communicated with London, and requested that Officers be sent to take charge. No Officers could be spared, but song-books, old copies of the "War Cry," blue hat-bands and S's were on the way, and they were encouraged to go right ahead, regardless of the necessity of their earning their bread by secular employment during the day.

Thus The Salvation Army Flag was planted on North American soil June 1, 1882, and though fought for step by step through the early years of the invasion of this land, it has never failed to flaunt its Blood and Fire message in the face of the foe, and during the forty-six years of its Officership.

Sent to America

Three appointments in Canada were followed by a transfer to the United States of America. Another term in Canada and Major Addie was appointed as Divisional Commander of the Illinois Division. Many important charges followed, and in 1918 Colonel Addie was made Territorial Spiritual Special, touring the country in the interests of the Kingdom of God.

Mrs. Addie was also a Salvation Army Soldier of Jarroon-on-Tyne, and in 1883 these two young enthusiasts were united in marriage in London, Canada. Eight children blessed their home.

And now as our comrades approach the consummation of a career unique in the annals of Salvation Army history, we pray that a happy retrospection may lend joy and repose to their days of retirement from active service, and may they rest assured that upon the page of history they have helped to write shall ever be inscribed the name of two gallant Blood and Fire pioneer Officers, Colonel and Mrs. John C. Addie.—M.H.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS VISIT HADLEIGH FARM COLONY

The Hon. W. R. Motherwell, Federal Minister of Agriculture and the Hon. G. M. Hamilton, Saskatchewan Minister of Agriculture, with Mrs. Hamilton, recently visited The Army's Training Farms at Hadleigh, Essex, England. They completed a tour of the farms at which much was impressed. The Hon. W. R. Motherwell addressed the boys on their prospects in Canada.

On a recent Wednesday of the Hon. G. H. Ferguson, K.C., M.P., LL.B., President of the Council and Minister of Education, Ontario, and the Hon. W. C. Nixson, Agent-General for the Dominion in London, also visited the Farm. They too, spoke highly of the comprehensive training given to boys before their departure overseas. The Hon. G. H. Ferguson spoke to a number of boys.

COMMISSIONER GEO. MITCHELL

Territorial Commander for Sweden in Hospital

For some time, Commissioner George Mitchell, in command of Sweden, has been in poor health and we regret to learn, from a recent communication, that his condition necessitates a major operation. The Commissioner is at present in hospital in Stockholm where he has already undergone a minor operation to give immediate relief.

Our comrades in the Canada West Territory will most certainly pray that the Commissioner may regain health and that his dear wife may graciously be upheld in her hour of anxiety.

Items in Brief

Lack of news concerning the activities of our Territorial Leaders is an indication that they are at present on their annual furlough, which, after their many labors of the past months, will, without doubt, prove most refreshing. We trust that our Leaders will be benefited by this season of recuperation and return to their work strengthened to meet the many demands which will be made upon them in the near future.

After conducting the Native Congress at Port Essington, B.C., Lt.-Colonel Joy, the Editor-in-Chief, will partake of his furlough at the Pacific Coast. There are doubtless, few vocations more exacting and continuous than that of an editor and we, our comrades, with his family, a refreshing vacation.

We learn from the New York "War Cry" that our erstwhile Canada West comrade, Adjutant Jean Scott, has been successful in passing the post-graduate course taken recently by her at the Wm. Booth Memorial Hospital, Covington, Ky. The graduation exercises, held in the First Baptist Church, were presided over by Judge Richard H. Gray, a jurist of sterling worth and valued friend of The Army. Many congratulations to our comrade.

Major Wm. Oake, Subscribers' Secretary, recently set out from T.H. on a two-week trip, in connection with the work of his department, which will take him to the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta.

A recent caller at Territorial Headquarters was Commandant C. B. Beatchell (R.) of New York City, a veteran comrade, who may be remembered as being one of the first to join the Army. The Commandant came out of New York, B.C., in 1892 and saw considerable Army service in Eastern Canada, where he was known as the Musical Marvel for his ability to play a score of musical instruments. He has three Officers' men.

An item of interest in connection with the Centenary Session of the Army in London is that Fld.-Major H. R. The first to be received as a Cadet in the Army's first Training Camp, Hadleigh, to have his daughter, a staff for its last Sessions at Clapton, Middlesex.

A man should never be allowed to own he has been in the wrong. It is better to say, in other words, it is wiser to say than he was in the wrong.

The Centenary Call Campaign

recently launched, will continue until July 5th, 1929. Comrades throughout the length and breadth of the Canada West Territory are called upon to unite in intensified Salvation effort—personal dealing, public witnessing, increased activity—in order to celebrate the Centenary of the birth of those great soul-winners, the Founder and the Army Mother.

COULD those Army friends who have so generously donated gifts toward maintaining The Army's Fresh-Air Camps in various centres, see something of the joy and happiness which has been brought into the hearts and lives of hundreds of needy mothers and children, they would have not the slightest hesitation in declaring their money wisely and well invested.

The Fresh-Air Camp at Sandy Hook on Lake Winnipeg presents an animated appearance these days. Large crowds of boys and girls from the poorer sections of the city are making the place resound with their happy shouts and laughter, ducking into the lake, playing games and picking flowers. And mothers are there also, finding it the place where tired hearts may sing again and sad souls lose their loads. It is a happy, joyous interlude in the drab lives of both children and grown ups, a time that they will remember and talk about for many a long day.

Sweet and Wholesome Influences

But the Camp is not only a place for physical enjoyment, rest and recreation, needful as all that is for conserving health; it is a centre of spiritual instruction and refreshing also, where the sweet and wholesome influences of religion are brought to bear upon the children. The services conducted at the Camp by various Officers and the Camp staff will undoubtedly have their effect in shaping the characters and moulding the after lives of these future citizens of Canada.

There are perhaps some who may ask if there are children in our Western cities who really need to go to a Fresh Air Camp? The following stories told by Officers who investigated the applications received are a sufficient answer we think:

A certain Corps Officer was out investigating cases whose names had been given in by neighbors as deserving a holiday at the Army's Fresh Air Camp. One house that the Officer was trying to locate was particularly hard to find. Presently he spied a little lad in ragged clothes, with bare feet, grimy countenance

Where The Waves Lap The Shore

Some Particulars Concerning the Good Work Which The Army's Fresh-Air Camps are Accomplishing on Behalf of Needy Children and Mothers.



Fresh air and fun a-plenty at The Army's Camp on Lake Winnipeg.

and disheveled hair. "Sonny!" he called, "can you tell me where Mrs. R— lives?"

"Sure thing! Y'betcha," answered the boy, "I lives there." So saying, he led the way up a narrow lane.

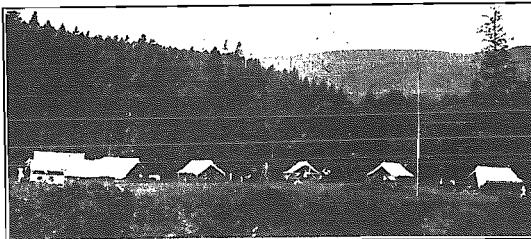
"Doesn't the sidewalk burn your feet these hot days, laddie," asked the Officer pityingly.

"Naw, leastways—not much," answered the boy bravely, "but," he continued confidently, encouraged by the Officer's kind voice, "It's sure hot at our ouse o' nights."

The boy's face looked pale and wan, but the significance of his statement was better understood when the Officer found that in one small house, consisting of three rooms, twelve children, besides the grown-ups, slept there. Here was a typical case that was deserving of the Army's assistance.

Pathos and Humour

Each applicant for the Camp is required, for hygienic reasons, to have his or her throat examined at the City Hall clinic and the anxiety with which the children await the examination of the "swab" is pathetic, and in some cases amusing as the following incident will show:



The picturesque setting of the Camp at Hopkin's Landing, B.C.

WE have been touring in the West, visiting various Institutions and centres, with profit and encouragement to those who are behind the scenes endeavouring to bring happiness and comfort to those in need.

The first point touched at, in company with Mrs. Commissioner Rich, was the Vancouver Hospital, our latest addition to the Grace Hospitals already in existence. What a charming and splendid place this is, and under the direction of Lt.-Colonel Mrs. Payne is a boon to the mothers of Vancouver and surrounding district. Ever since the opening last October, this place has every day become more popular, and now averages seventy births a month.

Many of the Officers were away on furlough, which always means that the Hospital runs short-handed, there being more work for the remaining ones to do; but everything was found spick and span as usual, reflecting great credit on the Superintendent.

Fresh and Clean

The Eighth Avenue Home is filled to capacity with girls and women. Here we found Commandant Dunkley and other helpers working away faithfully under the direction of Lt.-Colonel Payne, supplying the needs of those who require shelter in such an Institution. The latter was busy with his brush, making everything fresh and clean. When finished, the Home should prove a real boon to the occupants.

A splendid programme was given by the Vancouver Citadel Band, assisted by the band staff, to raise funds for helping out the hospital grounds in shape. The Band also comes periodically to render sweet music to the patients. For all these acts of kindness these comrades have our grateful thanks.

We wish for the Colonel and her helpers, much success in their noble responsibility which is theirs in connection with this great and worthy work.

one of these families having been deserted by a heartless father some time ago. Roughly speaking, the batches of mothers and children which leave for The Army's Camps at Sandy Hook number around a hundred, and before the season closes it is hoped that over a thousand needy cases will have been accommodated. Adjutant and Mrs. Acton have proved to be first-class camp managers and the Adjutant has, with his bright evening gatherings for the young folks, impressed their young hearts for better things. With Captain Finney and her kitchen staff busily supplying wholesome meals, and Captain Grey and Lieutenant Kerr responsible for special duties, the Camp this year has been the centre of a splendid work.

A Pacific Paradise

What has been, and is being accomplished at the Sandy Hook Fresh-Air Camp is also being duplicated in various parts of the Territory. At Hopkin's Landing, a beautiful spot on the Pacific Coast, The Army has recently established a splendid Fresh-Air Camp and here large numbers of needy families from the cosmopolitan city of Vancouver are accommodated with benefit and blessing to all concerned.

* * *

Among the welcome visitors to the Fresh-Air Camp at Sandy Hook during the last weekend were the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Colman Miller, and Lt.-Colonel Sims. The genial presence of these comrades added considerably to the activities of the Campers and many activities were participated in. Included in these were the presentation of prizes in connection with camp inspection and a monster bonfire on the beach.

On Sunday morning, Colonel Miller was the chief speaker at a delightful Mass held under the trees for the children and mothers. Lt.-Colonel Sims and Adjutant Acton took a prominent part in the gathering and were in their native element. Lieut. Kerr led a song service in the evening which was also greatly enjoyed.

The Centenary Call Campaign

"Put on the Whole Armour of God"

was seen making patch-work quilts, one painting dresser scarfs, and another, at nursing a rag doll all day. The Commandant is very faithful in her task of caring for these old folk.

At Edmonton "Grace"

Edmonton Grace Hospital was the last on the list of Institutions visited. Commandant Pettigrew is bravely holding the fort, and we were pleased to find her in much better health than on previous occasions. Everyone was happy and working for the betterment of those who come to us for care. A number of private patients were in, and the hooking was good during the few days we were there. The whole place had its usual fresh, spotless appearance with the sun shining through the windows giving warmth and health to the inmates. The writer met the inmates together for a short time, prayed with them and gave counsel, and many were the eyes that were dimmed with tears.

We wish that all readers of the "War Cry" could visit these hospitals and Homes and realize the work which is being done behind the scenes by the noble band of women workers every day in the year. Kindly remember them in your prayers.

The League of Mercy Secretary in each centre reports on progress of their work of visiting Hospitals and Homes from week to week. Theirs is a noble and worthy work.

As we review this work, our hearts burn within us and we are filled with gratitude to the God who has called us to be co-workers with Him.

Four visitors from Regina called in at the Territorial Headquarters last week. They were Corps Treasurer and Mrs. (Y.P.S.M.) Holson, and Corps Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Fulton, all of the Citadel Corps. Our Comrades motored all the way from the Saskatchewan Capital.

On our way homeward, it was arranged for us to stop off at Banff, there to meet Commandant and Mrs. Muttart and Adjutant Knott of Calgary, and Adjutant McAuley of Regina who were holidaying at this point. A couple of profitable days were spent here. Commandant Muttart was jubilant over the success of the recent collecting at the Stampede. Adjutant McAuley was also in good spirits over the success of the Lawn Social held just prior to taking her furlough. The writer called at both Institutions in Calgary. Adjutant Laycock was very busy in the hospital endeavouring to keep everything working harmoniously during the absence of Adjutant Knott, in spite of the rush caused by frequent visits of the stork.

The garden at Calgary Hospital is looking splendid, there being a good prospect of plenty of potatoes and other vegetables for winter. This showed the earnest, hard work of the Officers.

The visit to the Children's Home showed the young lives sheltered here to be both happy and well. The Officers were hard at work renovating and we think Commandant and Mrs. Muttart will find many pleasant surprises on their return from furlough.

The Eventide Home at Gleichen was not forgotten. Commandant Rickell is happy taking care of her aged ladies. It is very pathetic to see these dear old people, some crippled with rheumatism, others very feeble, yet trying to do some kind of sewing to fill up the hours. One

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



Danny has a change

Slow City,
August 18th.

Dear Mr. Editor:

You will note where I am, but the address may not convey much to you. This is a quiet little place, away in the wilds, and I am sure nobody would miss it much if it disappeared off the map altogether. But it is just the place for a restful holiday; just the right sort of location for a man whose nerves have been jaded with too much literary work. It's doing me good already, and I only came in the day before yesterday.

Dorcas is with me, and we've already been down the Main Street three times, and visited the one store each time. The storekeeper seemed ever so pleased to have somebody fresh to talk to; he's got some queer yarns about the Boom Days of this burg—but they must have been long before the days of the Selkirk Settlers—all signs of a boom have long since died out.

I wrote and told Dorcas how lonely I was feeling, and how I missed her, and she wired me to meet her here; she said she had met some friends who have a little cottage here they were willing to lend us, and we could have, so she said, a second honeymoon. Talk about lending us a cottage—I'd give it away if I lived here, and even then, I doubt whether we'd get anybody to take it—there'd be nobody in town to help them.

Tomorrow is Sunday. I am wondering how I shall get through the day. There's a service in the afternoon in the little church—if the minister comes. I did mention to Dorcas that perhaps I could phone around to meet her here; and announce a Meeting in the evening; but she was up in arms in a minute. I don't know what to make of her in that respect. She says that she loves to hear me in a Meeting, but as soon as I suggest anything like that, she begins to oppose me. I expect it is because to think I shall ask her to do something—either speak or pray.

The quietness of the place is resting my jaded nerves with a vengeance. If I stay here very long I shall need a turning-fork to find them again—they won't be jaded, they'll be dead and gone. We sat out on the porch last night—no screens to keep the mosquitoes away—and looked, and looked, and looked away over the rolling prairies across to where dear old Winnipeg is, and my heart nearly throbbled with homesickness. I'm going to have that Meeting, whether Dorcas likes it or not. And on Monday I'm planning to begin a Serial Story for the "War Cry"—"Lost in the Wilds." I'm going to call it.

Don't send any telegrams; we have to go ten miles to the nearest station to get them, unless they bring them out—and seeing there are ten other parties on this line I don't want you to do that, they'll all be listening in. (Ah, that's given me an idea).

Your lonely comrade,
Daniel Domore, Envoy

P.S.—I had almost forgotten to mention the one and only pick-me-up that has come my way lately; almost as refreshing as the new recipe ice-cream lemonade Dorcas makes when we have visitors. A real breeze from the North, as you may say—Captain Johnson of the Pas has increased her "War Cry's" twenty copies. A real northern light that, Mr. Editor, don't you think?

The time to take care of the coming years is this year.

AN ECHO OF THE KILLISNOO DISASTER

A Pathetic Letter to the Commissioner from Alaska

DEAR COMMISSIONER:

Just a few words to you. Your fire grant was received here at Killisnoo, and all the poor natives told me to thank you for the money. As far as I can understand, and from what the people say, the Red Cross cannot help them build up again in Killisnoo. Of course, this is only hearsay. I don't think the people will ever get back to where they were before the fire. There are so many of them who are very old now, and I know it will be very hard for me, I lost in all, house and money, and goods, over seventeen hundred dollars worth. I am now over seventy, but we are trusting God that He will take care of us. I like the verse in the fourteenth chapter of Exodus, and the thirteenth verse, which

says, "Stand still, and see the Salvation of the Lord." This verse brings me great encouragement.

As I said, we lost everything. I know you would have been sorry if you could have seen us, standing on the platform, on Sunday morning, dressed in overalls, speaking to the people. One book I lost, which was very dear to me indeed, was a Book of Daily Readings, which had been given to me by Commissioner Standing. I am sending you a photograph of Killisnoo, after the fire. I am standing with my little girl, on the ground where my house once stood. In all this, dear Commissioner, you can depend on us keeping the Flag flying.

God bless you and Mrs. Rich in your labors.—William Quick, Adjutant.



The village of Killisnoo as it looked after the conflagration

The Training Principal and Mrs. Brigadier Carter on tour

Vancouver Citadel (Adjutant and Mrs. Cubitt). We have just had a visit from Brigadier and Mrs. Carter, which was greatly appreciated. On the Saturday night the Brigadier had a number of comrades dressed up in Indian costume representing the different castes of that great country, with its many millions searching after the light. The costumes proved quite an attraction in the Open-Air and on the march.

In the Citadel there was a good audience which listened intently to the Brigadier's stories of an Officer's Missionary life in India, bringing in many side lights on the terrible darkness which prevails, but also illustrating the power of the simple faith of the Gospel in replacing superstition, incidentally referring to The Army's progress and the need for more missionaries.

All day on Sunday the Meetings were well attended. The Holiness Meeting especially being a time of much heart searching. The afternoon Meeting was also well attended when Mrs. Brigadier Carter lectured to a large audience on "Poll Cot," a most thrilling story.

At night there was almost a capacity audience when the Brigadier conducted a rousing Meeting and delivered a power-

ful address. There were several seekers registered at the Penitent-Form.

Among the many Officers present, some of whom took part in the proceedings, were Lt.-Colonels Phillips, McLean, Payne and Gordon, also Major Jaynes and Staff-Captain Bourne.

On the Monday night the Brigadier had a very profitable Meeting with the Young People.—G.A.

AT PENTICTON

On Friday, August 3rd, Brigadier and Mrs. Carter conducted a Missionary Meeting in Sumnerland (a town about ten miles distant). A good crowd was present in spite of an epidemic of sickness there. It was as an oasis in the desert to two Salvationist families living there who seldom have the opportunity of being in an Army Meeting.

The Sunday in Pentiction was very successful. The Holiness Meeting was small, but full of help, while a good crowd was kept intensely interested by the Brigadier's illustrated talk on India in the afternoon.

At night the K. of P. Hall, which we had taken for the day, was nicely filled. Sister Mrs. Welsh, of Sumnerland and Lieutenant Amos, a visitor, gave their testimonies and the messages of Brigadier and Mrs. Carter were convincing and helpful.—G.E.

Among the Homesteads and Villages

(Continued from page 5)

getting himself, and other folks, out of the mud, gave us the necessary assistance, and we were soon speeding on to our destination, where our audience was composed for the most part of young people. The singing of the boys under eighteen was a treat.

The people at Strathclair turned out well, and by the way they sang, testified to their evident enjoyment of the Meeting. Many old favorites were requested during the Meeting, among them, "There is a Fountain filled with Blood," and the close, eight hands had been raised for prayer.

God was with us at Decker, where we found a good number of out and out Christians, and at Birtle, where we had a large crowd.

Sunday found us at Foxwarren, Binscarth and McAuley. At the first place we took charge of the Sunday School Meeting, and we enjoyed listening to a splendid choir, composed of girls of sixteen and under.

Although it was a very warm evening we had the United Church at McAuley full, and the folks sure did their part towards making the Meeting successful. We saw tears in the eyes of a number, as the singing of "Evered gave forth the message of Salvation."

We struck Elkhorn in a very warm afternoon, and consequently our attendances were small; however, we believe some good was done.

While in the midst of our Meeting at Griswold, where we were delighted to see Deputy-Bandmaster George Weir of Winnipeg Citadel, who was visiting the town on business. His singing, as a solo, of the chorus, "He found me with a burden," blessed many hearts.

After a hundred-mile drive we reached Glenboro, where a large crowd gathered to hear the Gospel message. Our last stop to date is Cypress River, where, in spite of terrific heat a very good crowd gathered and sang splendidly.—"Spotlight the Fourth"

A Companion Tone Index

Showing the Number and First Line of the Songs of The Army Song Book, or Series, in the Bandmaster's Song Book (Compiled by Hon. Dr. Bandmaster Will Carter)

N.B.—Fresh settings and new tunes marked with (*)		
Comfort and Guidance		
686 When our hearts are...	141	154
687 Still night, O my...	226	
688 Though troubles assail...	249	
689 Lead, kindly Light...	451	
690 Peace, do not be...	112	
691 Sometimes I'm tried with...	113	
692 Give to me, O Lord, the...	128	
693 I have suffered...	136	
694 You're tempted much...	226	231
695 My faith is a sword...	267	
696 When peace like a river...	267	
697 Thy way, not mine, O...	122	
698 Awake our souls, away...	10	
699 He leadeth me, oh, how...	10	
700 Guide me, O Thou great...	263	
701 With steady gaze the heart...	112	
702 I weep, but not in rebellion...	214	
703 Yield not to temptation...	223	
The Children		
704 Heavenly Father, send...	271	
707 Holy Bible, Book divine...	112	154
708 There is a green hill...	112	154
709 When we men came...	218	
710 My children be led...	448	
711 Oh, won't you be a...	457	
712 Hear we not a word...	112	154
713 There's a friend for...	116	182
714 Oh, is it true that...	112	
715 When mothers of Salem...	436	
716 Around the throne of...	63	
717 Accuse your youth...	182	183
718 With humble heart and...	152	
719 When, His Salvation...	182	183
720 He is the Father of...	182	
721 Young children once to...	26	29
722 We bring no offering...	187	194
723 Great God, and will thou...	28	
724 Gentle Jesus, meek and...	117	154
725 Kind words can never...	320	
726 O happy land...	117	154
728 There is a happy land...	181	
729 Remember thy Creator...	185	194
730 Now that my journey...	182	183

(To Be Continued)

(Note.—We suggest that this "Index" should be cut out and kept for reference. When consulted it will furnish very useful information for Officers, Bandmasters, Bandmen, etc.—Ed.)

ROADS MADE TO ORDER

Converts From Heathendom Turn out to Welcome First Army Car

The following item in a dispatch from West Africa, concerning a recent tour in that Territory by Colonel Souter, the Territorial Commander, tells the good news of many of the natives won for Christ and incidentally discloses the fact that our comrades there are using the automobile to good advantage.

"Supari, a new Society opened was visited the next day. Here fifty souls have been won over from heathendom. When the Colonel got within a few miles of the village, he was asked to stop the main road, and travel on the road the converts had made to bring the visitor to their village. It had taken them two weeks to do it, and was three miles in length, but it was marvellous how well it was done, the car having no difficulty in reaching its destination. Two of the men were to step for the car to climb, so some of the willing converts gave a hand, and the top was reached in safety.

"On arrival the whole village turned out, and the native chief had sent three representatives to the entrance of the village to bid the Colonel welcome. The first car to enter Supari was The Salvation Army car, and the excitement of the people knew no bounds. Ensign Da Costa had to drive most carefully as the men, women and children crowded around, dancing, clapping and all showing their delight.

"After saluting the chief, the Territorial Commander returned to the room that had been made comfortable for him to rest for the day and have his food. In the afternoon a Meeting was held, and a cover of palms had been erected to keep the sun from scorching the visitors. Here a number of enrolments and dedications took place."

Thick slices Wanted

A comrade recalls an incident of his early days. On one occasion he was going to preach, when he met a gentleman who took hold of him, and he said, in reference to the fact that he was about to discuss the Kingdom of Life, "Cut it thick this morning, brother—cut it thick—I'm very hungry this morning." Assuredly, one who would leave the House of God this day with a well-fed soul.



Middlethrough Brigade Gives a Festival

THE preliminaries over, Captain Oil, who was acting as chairman of the Songster festival, stepped forward to introduce Songster Leader X. Queses and the Middlethrough Songster Brigade.

"Give them a little encouragement," said he. "We did. It was the Brigade's first visit to us, and we would show them a friendly lot of folk we were."

The applause dying out, "Now, friends," announced the chairman, "the first item is to be a vocal march. A little more encouragement!" We again readily gave it, rich, to wall us in, permitting no past to tie or tether our souls—in these divine quests and adventures there is no rest.

* A REST REMAINETH *

The old song says "Here is no rest," and it is true that the follower of Jesus must ever be on the move—ever fighting, always on campaign duty, but as one battle ceases and we move camp, and strike our tents at the bidding of God, allowing no tradition, however rich, to wall us in, permitting no past to tie or tether our souls—in these divine quests and adventures there is no rest.

As we strike our tents at the bidding of God, allowing no tradition, however rich, to wall us in, permitting no past to tie or tether our souls—in these divine quests and adventures there is no rest.

As we fight our own private battle with growing enlightenment as to the things yet to be subdued within us, as we are passing through the purgatorial fires through our more sensitive consciousness of what is sin, as we are shaken with the noble anxieties that become the possession of men of vision and ideal, there is not much tranquility or rest.

Yet through these experiences we are qualifying to enter that rest that God now enjoys. Suffering with Him, we shall reign with Him in that time when death is swallowed up in victory, when God, the final goal of all, is attained, and God shall wipe away all tears from all faces, and the reign will be a reign of peace. There is a rest that remaineth for the people of God.

When Stonewall Jackson, hero of the Southern Army, lay dying, he was told in a moment of consciousness that he had but two hours to live. "Very good. It is all right." Then he wandered. Now he was on the battlefield giving orders to his men, now at home in Lexington, now at prayers in camp. Then suddenly he cried out, "Order Hill to prepare for action. . . . Pass the infantry to the front. . . . Tell Major Hawks. . . ." Then he stopped. Once more he was silent, but a little while after he said very quietly and clearly, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

So after the pilgrimage and warfare there is rest under the trees, the leaves of which are for healing.—A.E.W.

FROM THE CITY TO THE COUNTRY

These are the days when benevolent people have been asked to assist The Army in sending city children to the country lakeside, and whose help such arms to a few hours or days of its pleasure does a good work.

It is with eagerness that most of them welcome the chance of a country holiday, and I have only heard of one boy who ever refused to consider such an invitation. "No, thank you," he said. "I could rather not go. I hear they have smashing machines in the country, and I had enough at home, where father gets it by hand."

He was the victim of a little misunderstanding, and the fact was not quite fully fixed in the mind of little Paulina Pavlatzky, from somewhere in the North End, who gazed at the moon the night of her holiday at the Beach, and found it imperfect. "Your moon," he said, "is not as round as ours." She said, obviously not understood such discourses on astronomical facts as she had heard at school.

feel, therefore, that I must again ask you to hear with us, and we'll struggle through somehow."

Having borne with him once already, we somehow feel less sure of being able to bear any more. Still, we would be charitable.

The missing stars appeared half-way through, and coming to the aid of their much-disturbed Songster Leader, helped the Brigade to weather the storm with "Be in time."

We had all been waiting for item five on the programme—a vocal quartet from the work of a Great Master. Coming forward, the comrades were at some pains to take up their right positions, share out the music, and obtain the correct pitch; during which time Brother X. Queses, being sorry for the delay," suggested we should sing another chorus, and sent us away again on the ever-ready, "I love Him better every day."

At last, the quartet. Strangely enough, two of the singers had exchanged parts by some mishap, and Sister Shril dis-covered something wrong with the bass part, while Brother Deeps could hardly be expected to negotiate a top G.

But good Captain Oil, with unexampled forbearance and charity, reminded us that "accidents, of course, will happen," after which the quartet got well away.

"After the next item," then announced the chairman, "we'll have the collection." I glanced at my cap and my little son sitting next to me.

Stammered and Came to a Gentle Halt

The piece which followed was announced as a recitation, entitled, "Beautiful Home." It may have been merely a coincidence, but the same thought had been running through my mind. Songster Stopthink, after giving good promise, suddenly stammered, repeated her last clause, and came to a gentle halt.

Brother X. Queses was on his feet at once, telling us that it was "only right" that he should say that "the good sister had only commenced learning the recitation last night, and had been at work all day," etc., etc. We did our best to bear with her. Prompted behind by good Captain Oil, Songster Stopthink finished her "Beautiful Home."

Brother X. Queses was ready to make the very best of things, abounding with charity and patience, commenced the applause, and then announced the collection! I picked up my cap and seized my son's hand. Somehow, I felt a persuasion that, after all, sonny had better wait till the end—too late for small boys, perhaps—I also was a bit hungry.

"Come on, sonny," I said; "we must go." I seemed to fancy the boy came rather willingly.

ONLY A BOY

THERE will always, I believe, be those who will need the comfort a tale like this can bring.

An old minister, coming early to his Church, met one of his elders, whose face bore a very resolute but distressed expression.

"I came early to meet you," he said. "I have something on my conscience to say to you. Minister, the Scripture says, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' There must be something radically wrong with your preaching and work, for there has been only one person added to the Church for a whole year, and he but a boy. . . ." The old minister went to the pulpit that day with a heavy heart. "Only a boy!"

After the service the boy was waiting to speak to him. "Well, Robert?" said the minister. "Do you think," the boy said, "if I were willing to work hard for an education, I could ever become a preacher, perhaps a missionary?"

There was a long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said, "This heals the ache in my heart, my boy. I see the divine hand, now. May God bless you, my boy. Yes, I think you will become a preacher." That boy was Robert Moffat.

WHY NOT USE

THE COMPANION TUNE INDEX?

There are still some poor wights whose struggles between the Song Book and Band Book differences are not altogether out of proportion to the comrade here depicted. The leader of the Meeting who does not take some preliminary trouble to fix up his tunes deserves to suffer, but it is not fair to put all the agony on the man whose business it is to find the tune in question.



THE PRAYER MEETING

May I be permitted to put in a plea for more sustained effort on the part of Army Bandsmen in the matter of the Sunday night Prayer Meeting. There are far too many empty platforms in our Halls up and down the country at the most critical part of the day's fighting, and no valid excuse for absence could be given by scores of my comrades who today are among the worst offenders in this particular. To all such I affectionately commend the following verses:

It's easy enough to begin a task.
But to finish it—that's the thing:
The completed work holds the honey sweet
While the undone yields a sting.

Oh, the feet will lag and the heart grow faint.
Off-times are the task is done;
But what joy is yours, as you rest at last.
With the hard-fought battle won!

Then here's to the one who will see it through.
Whatever the task may be.
For my heart goes out to the man of pluck;
But no half-done task for me! —G.S.

No man wants to be a saint until he finds out what it is to be a sinner.

A Legend of the Lord

One evening Jesus lingered in the market-place,
Teaching the people parables of truth and grace;
When in square remote a crowd was seen to rise
And stap with louting gestures and abhorring cries.

The Master and His meek disciples went to see
What cause for this tumult and disorder could be.
And found a poor dead dog beside the gutter laid;
Revolted sight. At which each face its hate betrayed.

One held his nose, one shut his eyes, one turned away.
And all amongst themselves began to say,
"Detested creature, he pollutes the earth and air.
"His eyes are clear, His ears are foul, His ribs are bare.

"In his toes hide there's not a decent shoe-string left.
"No doubt the execrable cat was hung for theft."
Then Jesus spoke and dropped on him this saving wreath:
"Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth."



HEARD THE ARMY DRUM

Regina Citadel (Adjutant and Mrs. G. Mundy). This weekend we have had a glorious time at the Citadel in spite of the fact that many of our comrades are on holiday. The Meetings, both in the Citadel and Open Air have been well attended, especially the latter where great crowds of men and women stood on the sidewalk and listened to all that took place.

During the testimonies in the morning Meeting, a man who had a record of sin, rose to his feet and said that he was a great sinner, but as he was walking along the street with some of his mates he heard the beat of The Army drum and told his mates he was going to The Army. After he had been zealous with about his soul by Bandmaster Henderson, we had the joy of seeing him come and kneel at the Mercy-Seat along with another backslider and ask God for forgiveness of sins.

We had also the joy of seeing a sister kneel at the Mercy-Seat in last Monday night's Meeting. God is giving us victory in seeing souls saved.—W.G.W.

REACHING HOLIDAY CROWDS

Fort Frances (Captain Wright and Lieut. Hamilton). Since our last report, the Spirit of God has been working mightily with the hearts of the people. Every possible effort has been put forth to reach the summer crowds of this tourist center and God has richly blessed our endeavors. A Ba-d trip to La Valle, Burris, Rainy River and Baudette, Minnesota, resulted in being a channel through which conviction flowed to the listeners. The music of this combination was very much appreciated, especially the selection "Memories of Calvary." Splendid gatherings listened at each town and many invitations were extended to come again.

God has not only been blessing our efforts abroad, but here in the "Fort," souls have been saved. One recent Sunday a sister knelt at the Mercy-Seat, while another, tired of a life of sin, laid her burden at the foot of the Cross on Thursday.

In answer to our faith and prayers, a backslider returned home last Sunday, causing much rejoicing among those interested. The outpourings are encouraging us to believe that greater conquests and thus greater victories are ahead.—C.C.

NEEDY CHILDREN ENJOY OUTING

The Pas (Captain G. Johnson and Lieut. Loewen). In spite of the intense heat, we are still on the warpath at The Pas. Our attendance still keeps up and much interest is evident among the people. The Captain, who has just returned from furlough, led the Meeting on Sunday night, speaking forcefully on "The Great Supper." An interesting event at this Meeting was the dedication of the infant daughter of Brother and Sister Johanson. Both parents testified to their desire to train the child for the Lord's service.

The Army was again called upon to take care of a number of the poorer children who had been invited by "The Elks" to their annual picnic. We very gladly responded and the kiddies had a good time.

The Lord is working in our midst and we had the joy of seeing three souls in the Fountain recently.—E.F.J.

Home St., Winnipeg (Captain and Mrs. Arthur Smith). We were glad to have with us for the weekend Treasurer and Mrs. Hobson of Regina, also Sergt.-Major Fulton and his wife from the same city. They are real Salvationists and their help in the Open-Air and Meetings has been very much appreciated. Captain Smith conducted the Holiness Meeting and the Salvation Meeting was in the hands of Sergt.-Major Fulton whose earnest message to us was of much blessing.

WOULD-BE PUGILIST RECEIVES THE K.O.

In a Manner Which He Did Not Expect

A CENTENARY CALL CAMPAIGN INCIDENT

It was a tense moment for the Saskatoon Citadel comrades and also the great crowd present at last Sunday's Eventide Open-Air Meeting when Ensign Collier, in a very tactful manner turned what promised to be a real fistie encounter into a Prayer-Meeting.

A man had insisted on interrupting the Meeting and when spoken to by the Ensign, became hostile and, the challenge accepted, he entered the ring to prove "who was the better man." The Ensign was working to spiritual ends and, suggesting that prayer preceded the battle, he knelt in prayer with the man whilst the comrades sang, "He can break every fetter." How we did long that the young man would find deliverance but he left our presence with tears of conviction, and will be followed by many prayers for his ultimate Salvation.

The Band visited the sanatorium in the afternoon, and the programme arranged by Bandmaster Tuttle was very much enjoyed by the patients.

An increase in attendance at the inside Meeting is noticed each week, and we are trusting that a "break" will come as a result of the fervent display of willingness by the Soldiers to assist in winning the people for God.—F.

NEEPAWA'S MANY VISITORS

Captain Fitch and Lieut. Hillary. The Salvation War is still going ahead at Neepawa, the new Officers and the Soldiers working hard in an effort to pull down the devil's kingdom in this town.

The presence of some very welcome visitors has done much in the way of blessing those who have gathered at the Meetings. It seems a long time since we had the Charioters with us but we will not soon forget their stirring messages and singing. Then, we have had Captains Poole and Wright and Lieutenant Hamilton with us and their assistance and testimonies have helped much.

We praise God for four souls who recently surrendered, two of whom were young people seeking salvation.—Ben.

A BACKSLIDER RETURNS

Edmonton III (Captain and Mrs. Stobbert). On Sunday, August 5th, we had a visit from Captain Newby of Grande Prairie and enjoyed greatly his address in the Holiness Meeting. The Salvation Meeting at night was conducted by Captain and Mrs. Stobbert. Captain B. Newby also dedicated her little nephew, the infant son of Brother and Sister Hall. Captain and Mrs. Stobbert sang a duet which was enjoyed by all and the Captain's message was entitled, "Gospel Bells." Although there were no visible results, we feel sure that God spoke to many hearts, and one sister raised her hand for prayer.

On the following Thursday, Mrs. Stobbert led the Meeting and one backslider came back to God.—G.E. Newbury.

The Evenings will soon be Drawing In!

The best day for Open-Air Work will soon be gone!

Make the most of your chances for the Summer phase of the Centenary Call Campaign.

SIX SURRENDERS

Saskatoon II (Captain Young and Lieut. Bell). We are still on the forward move. Since our last report, we have welcomed our new Officers. Lieut. Bell held on alone for five weeks and in that time five souls knelt at the foot of the Cross. Last Sunday we welcomed Captain Young who had just returned from furlough and who had changed from the day's services, at the end of which, a young man found Salvation. We believe our new Officers are going to be an inspiration to both saved and unsaved.

We are also glad to welcome back again from her furlough, our Guard Leader, Captain V. Cummins.

Our Open-Airs in the residential district of Mayfair are being well listened to, especially by the children, and we pray that much good may be accomplished.—H.H.

SOULS AT SWIFT CURRENT

Swift Current (Ensign and Mrs. F. Dorin). Last Sunday we had a visit from our Divisional Commander and Mrs. Staff-Captain Tuttle who were passing through the city. The Staff-Captain led the night Meeting and his message was a blessing to all. This weekend we had Captain Townsend and Envoy Smith from Regina with us. A blessed time was spent in the Holiness Meeting which was profitable to all. The Envoy's testimony at night was a blessing to us all. Captain Townsend gave a very helpful Salvation message. In the Prayer-Meeting following, two souls sought and found the Saviour. Both comrades afterwards testified to the saving power of God. During the day the Band visited the General Hospital.—J.K.

AN IMPRESSIVE MARCH

New Westminster (Adjutant Fletcher and Captain V. Eby). New Westminster Corps is still going ahead in the name of the Lord and we are still praying and believing for greater manifestations of God's Holy Spirit among the people of New Westminster.

Brigadier and Mrs. Carter visited us recently, and clad in the native costume of India, they gave us a wonderful lecture on Salvation Army work among the people of that country. There were a number of our young comrades of the Corps attired in the costumes of India and they made a very impressive sight as they marched down the street to the Open-Air stand.

Corps Sergt.-Major Prowse announced the lecture and we had a good audience to the inside Meeting. We gave the visitors our best attention and listened with great interest to the stories of India and the dark superstitions of the people there. We pray that the true light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ shall be spread abroad through all these heathen lands, that are now bowing down to idols of wood and stone.—W. Fitch.

Rossland (Captain Stahl and Lieut. Fowler). Brigadier and Mrs. Carter paid their first visit to Rossland on August 7th. A tea was arranged for the young people, after which twenty-five listened attentively to the words of counsel.

Previous to the inside Meeting, twelve Young People in Indian costume, attended the Open-Air. This created interest and a number of people who listened to the Brigadier's inspiring message in the Open-Air followed the March to the Hall where a large crowd had gathered. The Brigadier's word pictures transported his hearers to that far-off land of mystery—India, and he closed his talk with an earnest appeal to the young people to offer their lives for service.—F.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

Sister Mrs. G. Hill, Moose Jaw

Moose Jaw Corps has recently suffered a loss which cannot easily be expressed in mere words, in the death of Sister Mrs. Hill, the wife of Bandsman G. Hill. While on a brief holiday with her parents at Tin Springs, Alberta, she was struck by a lightning bolt during a severe electrical storm and was instantly killed. Mrs. Hill was a valued member of the Home League and certainly a sterling example of motherhood, wifehood, and Soldiership.



The funeral took place in the Cathedral on Saturday, and during a very impressive service in which the Band played, "Promoted to Glory," many large and comforting things were said. At this the cortege proceeded to Rosedale cemetery, where the remains of our dear sister were placed in their last resting place.

The Memorial Service was held the following Sunday, a very solemn and impressive affair was the united hymn, when, to the strains of the "Dead are Risen" the Salvationists entered the Cathedral. In the Meeting Sister Mrs. Vincent spoke, Bandsman R. Rowett soloed, the sisters sang a specially arranged "Abide with me," and the Bandsman, "Promoted to Glory." Ensign made the appeal and three souls surrendered to the claims of God.

We do pray that God will bless and comfort the bereaved ones—the dear husband, and little Rose Marie, and Rex.

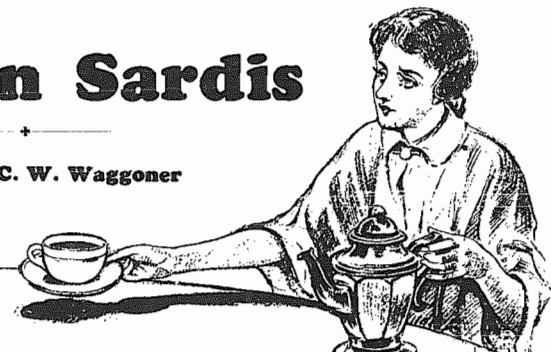
The Training Principal at Medicine Hat

(BY WIRE)

Medicine Hat (Ensign and Mrs. Hammond). The weekend Campaign led by Brigadier and Mrs. Carter was very successful, and the Meetings well attended and profitable. There was three volunteers for Officership and one seeker for restoration.—D.H.

Even in Sardis

By Envoy C. W. Waggoner



He did not want to drink her tears.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

CAPTAIN ALAN BRISTOW, with his wife, comes to the factory town of Sardis to take command of the local corps of the Salvation Army there. They find much work awaiting them. They become much interested in Will Coulter, a drunkard and backslider. Shortly after their arrival in Sardis there comes to them a young woman named Helen Ormond, who is in great trouble. Her father turns her from her home. They take her in and see her through her trouble, and she afterwards comes to live in the quarters with them. Officer O'Donnell seeks their aid in trying to locate his boy, Danny O'Donnell, who disappeared from home some months previously. A strike is called in Sardis which ties up the town and brings great distress among the poor. In trying to meet the increased strain upon his slender finances Captain Bristow calls on Mr. Murray, the wealthiest man in the community, who consents to furnish coal for the poor, and among those who are converted at this time is Will Coulter. Helen Ormond, gifted with the ability to rhyme, writes and sells some verses to greeting card publishers. When she hears that her parents have come into need through the strike, she sends the money she has earned to them, but her father returns it to her with some bitter words. Shortly after this the strike ends, and when Captain Bristow offers to free Mr. Murray from his obligation to buy coal for the poor, the rich man does not wish to be released from it. About this time Officer O'Donnell is converted in one of the meetings held in the hall. Helen Ormond's mother comes to her at the Quarters and they become reconciled. Not long after this Brigadier Lincoln, the Divisional Officer comes to Sardis for special services over the weekend. On this occasion Captain and Mrs. Bristow are journeyed to be Ensigns. Mr. Murray is taken quite ill and Ensign Bristow goes one night to talk to him about his soul. To his great joy he finds Mr. Murray a very real Christian. He is telling his great joy to his wife on his return when she hears at the Quarters and they become reconciled. He answers her and tells her not to tell his wife the news which had wiped the joy from his face. "Will Coulter is drinking again," he said. "I am going to find him. I am going to try to find him."

CHAPTER XII

Seeking a Lost Sheep

"O Alan, isn't it terrible!" cried Mrs. Bristow in deep distress as her husband told her that Will Coulter was drinking again.

"I am going to meet the Sergeant-Major. We will try to find him, and do what we can for him. I was so happy, too, over Mr. Murray! The devil never sleeps." And his eyes boyishly flamed over with tears.

"I am glad Sergeant-Major is going with you after Will. I hope you soon find him. Bring him here when you do. I will make some strong black coffee, and have it all hot and ready for you when you come. And I will pray while you are out seeking him."

So they started on their round of the saloons in search for the sheep who had strayed from the fold. In most of the places both of them were well known, and were greeted in a friendly manner by the men gathered there. But though in most cases the men were disposed to be friendly, it soon proved doubtful that they would receive any assistance from them in their search. When on one or two occasions they had inquired if any of the men had seen Will Coulter that evening they met with deep looks with such an air of innocence as to be suspicious. However, for all that, their search was not a long one, for in the fifth saloon they entered they found Will. He was in a back room with Bob Taylor and three or four other men. Their advent into the room was hailed with warm welcome. Bob Taylor particularly resented their coming, for he knew well that they had come to take Will away with them.

So thinking to sting Will into a frame of mind to resist them he said, with a

sneer that was but ill-concealed. "Hey, Will; look who's here! Here's a couple of your nurses come to take little boy home and put him to bed!" But in this the devil overshot his mark, for the words had an opposite effect than that hoped for. They stung Will, but not in the way they had been expected to do. He was drunk, but not drunk enough that he could forget all the fellowship of the past weeks and months, and in his befuddled frame of mind Bob Taylor was attacking and slurring his best friends, and he was prompt to resent it.

"Shut your face!" he bade him wrathfully, his eyes, which had been dulled by drink, flaming with a quick light of resentment. "You can't insult my friend's that way! Bes' frien' I ever had, too." He rambled on wrathfully in a mauling sort of way.

"Come on, Will, we want you," said the Sergeant-Major, catching Will by the arm affectionately and paying but scant attention to the rest of the men.

Seized by a Terrible Remorse

On a corner they found a drug store which was still open, and they took Will inside and got him a stiff dose of aromatic spirits of ammonia. He struggled and coughed as the breath-taking draught went down. Then they were out into the fresh air of night again, walking him briskly, and it was not long till the effects of the drink began to wear off. But as his mind began to clear he was seized by a terrible remorse. He sounded the very depths of the slough of despond.

"Go away and leave me," he urged bitterly; "can't you see that it's no use to try to do anything for me? I'm not worth the saving—there's not enough manhood left in me to save. I'm doomed for Hell anyhow, so let me go! Why torture yourselves and me by trying to stop what is inevitable?"

"Will, lad, why did you ever do it?" asked Sergeant-Major Lachlin, his voice wonderfully kind and soft with the burr of Scotland that manifested itself when he was deeply moved or stirred, as now. "You were down 'sae weel, why did you no' stick, lad?"

Will threw up an arm in a tormented gesture. "Don't ask me," he cried in a broken tortured voice; "I don't know! Before God, I don't know! It is in me and I can't help it! I don't think I didn't try, for I did! I did try! God knows I tried, but it was no use! His voice grew sharp in despairing protest. He was broken and utterly hopeless. "Look at how I've repaid all your love and kindness! I've proved myself to be utterly worthless, so please let me go. I'm going to Hell anyhow, so let me make a quick job of it! A short race and a merry!"

The Sergeant-Major caught him by the shoulders and shook him roughly. "Get rid of that idea, Will!" he said, and though his voice was stern, it was also tender with a wealth of love in it.

"You are Not Going to Hell!"

Ensign Bristow caught Will by the arm and held it tightly as he said to the broken and shaken man, "You are not going to Hell, Will! There are too many prayers in the way; too much love! Do you think God will let the faith and prayers of your dear dead wife go unanswered?"

"But she is gone!" protested Will sharply. "If she had stayed, who can tell? But she's gone!"

"But that doesn't mean that she is not

praying for you yet," said the Ensign quickly. "When she was here she could only ask God by faith, and often in the darkness; now she is in His presence, and asks Him face to face, and I doubt not asks with a fervor that was all unknown to her here. And your mother, too; she never doubted but that you would be saved and brought to Heaven. They have not lost interest because they are no longer here."

"Do you think they still care?" asked Will, startled by this thought which was new to him. "Do you think that there in the glory and brightness of that world they are still interested in me? My God! If they can see me now, how do you think they must feel? And he spread his hands in a gesture of despair and gave a hollow laugh that broke into a sob in his throat."

"I don't think that they know of your condition now. God kindly veils those things from them that would mar their perfect happiness there, but I am sure that they know that you are coming to them in the end. That some day, by and by, you will share with them the glory and brightness which is now theirs."

"I wish to God I were there now," returned Will drowsily. "I don't see why I didn't die before I yielded to the tempter again!"

"But why did you yield, Will?" asked the Sergeant-Major kindly. "You were doing so well; what came along that swept you off your feet?"

"I don't know," replied Will despondently; "I don't know really. I don't think it was any one thing. I was restless. Just restless all over."

"I was swept as by a mighty gale that made me forget everything till I had a guess of it in my hand. It was too late then. I was lost. So there you are! You can see how hopeless my case is! What's the use of trying to do anything for me? Let me go!"

Not Hopeless with God

"Your case may be hopeless, perhaps, so far as you or we are concerned," interposed the Ensign, "but not hopeless with God. With Him nothing is impossible. Come now, we are going to the quarters where Mrs. Bristow has some hot black coffee ready for us."

At these words the wretched man broke away from them with a sharp cry.

"No!" he cried stridently. "No!" I'm not going there! Do you think I want her to see me like this? "Come now, old chap." The Ensign again caught him by the arm and spoke quietly to calm him. "She is expecting you! She said to be sure to bring you, and she will be much disappointed if you do not come. She is praying for you now. 'God bless her!' said Will, a rush of tears stinging his eyes. 'She has helped me many, many times in the past months.' Then bitterly again, 'And look how I've rewarded her faith in me! Look at me now!'"

When her husband had gone from her into the night to hunt for Will Coulter Mrs. Bristow had at first been too shaken and disappointed by the shocking news of Will's defection to do anything but weep. Then she had pulled herself together and began to make a pot of strong, black coffee, and when it was ready she filled the room. Then she had gone to pray for the seekers, but more for the poor black sheep for whom they sought.

Afterwards she thought of Frank

Coulter the Bandmaster. She wondered how he would take this new debacle of Will's. She was undecided whether to call him or not. If she could only be sure he would not flare up in the old, unsympathetic way she would like to have him here when they brought Will in. He might be able to help him if he were here, but she could not be sure about it. Finally, she decided to call him. It would at least give him the opportunity to help his brother. When she got through to him on the phone and had told him, there was little in the tone of his voice that told her how he had taken the news. However, he had told her that he was coming to the Quarters as soon as he could get there. So she again gave herself to prayer while she waited for the coming of those she expected.

Atmosphere Charged with Uncertainty

Frank arrived first. When she left him in at the front door in response to his ring, she narrowly searched his face. He appeared rather shaken and pale, but aside from that there was little about him to tell her of the attitude of his mind, or what his reception of Will would be. And there was not much time for her to find out anything from him, for almost at once the others were there. They came the back way, and as she opened the door to admit them she felt the atmosphere charged with uncertainty.

Will Coulter came in with his head hanging in a shameful way. He was not yet altogether sobered, but he was much improved from the condition in which they had found him at the first. When he saw his brother Frank it was with a show of surprise, for he had not known that he would be there. Now his head came up a bit and a doubtful look swept across his face. The other two men also were surprised to find Frank there, and they, too, were in doubt as to what the outcome of the meeting of the brothers would be. But they were not long left in doubt. The Bandmaster went quickly to where Will was standing, and, placing an arm around his shoulder, he said brokenly, "Will, old man, I'm terribly sorry!" There was no rebuke in his voice, no recrimination, only a sincere sorrow, and it had more effect on Will than anything that had yet taken place. His face slowly colored and his head drooped once again.

Mrs. Bristow was greatly moved by the meeting of the brothers, and her tears started afresh. To cover her emotion she quickly filled a cup with the hot and fragrant black coffee and prepared to give it to Will.

Tears Splashed into the Coffee

Then something happened that had a more sobering effect on him than the aromatic spirits of ammonia, the brisk walking in the crisp air, or the meeting with Frank. As Mrs. Bristow, blinded by her tears, extended the cup to him two of those shining, crystal tears splashed into the coffee.

This was unseen by any but Will himself. He was in desperate straits. He did not want to tell her what had happened! And he would not for the world hurt her by refusing to drink the coffee she had prepared for this time. So he shut his eyes, and with a face that had gone strained and white he manfully drank the contents of the cup.

(To be continued)

"Where there's a Will, there's a Way"

Have we not all resolved more than once—especially when confronted with the needs and sufferings of the unfortunate in our midst—that we would definitely set aside a portion of our money to be devoted to the alleviation of their distress?

How better can we carry out the Master's injunction:

"LAY UP TREASURE IN HEAVEN" than by making a Will and naming The Salvation Army as a Legatee, gaining thereby the satisfaction of knowing that we have done all in our power to perpetuate The Army's great work—a work which God has so signally honored and blessed in the past.

Any information or advice will be gladly furnished on application to—

Commissioner C. T. Rich,
317-19 Carlton Street,
Winnipeg, Man.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

"I GIVE, DEVISE and BEQUEATH unto The Governing Council of The Salvation

Army—Canada West, the sum of \$.....

or my property known as No..... in the City

or Town of..... to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army."

(If it is desired that the money be used for any particular branch of work it should be so stated.)

Tune: "Father, dear Father, come home with me now"

Sinner, poor sinner, to Jesus come home.
He long has been calling for thee,
No longer delay.
But come while you may,
The saved, and the happy to be.
Your days swiftly fly,
And soon you must die.
Then the dread judgment will come,
In vain then to cry.
On the mountains to fall,
And hide you from Him on the throne.
Chorus:
Come home, come home, come home!
Poor sinner, to Jesus come home.

Sinner, poor sinner, consider His love,
The sorrow of Gethsemane;
The cross meekly borne,
The spear and the thorn,
The cry of His great agony.
His life He laid down,
To win thee a crown,
A home in the mansions above;
Where sorrow nor pain
Will grieve thee again,
But ever to rest in His love.

Sinner, poor sinner, then wilt thou not
turn,
Accepting Salvation so free?
There's nought to be done,
But only to come.
Thy Saviour is waiting for thee.
Oh soon will the day
Of grace pass away.
Then judgment will visit for sin,
But now there is room,
The vilest may come,
"Compel them," He says, "to come in."

We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-219 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry". One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

2133—William Richard Johnson. Age 22, fair complexion, hazel eyes, height 5 ft. 10 in., weight 145 lbs., little taken off index finger of the left hand and thumb is crooked. Mother very anxious to locate.

2130—Samuel Gibson. Age 40, tall, fair hair and complexion. Miner; missing from Drumheller, Relatives enquiring.

2094—Vera and Dorothy Taylor, daughters of Arthur Edward and Maggie Taylor (nee Scott). Father came out from England about 1883. Miss Bertha Taylor is seeking information concerning her two nieces.

Salvation Songs and Solos

Tune: "Grandmother's Chair"

I am glad I came to Jesus,
And I'm glad I am forgiven,
I am glad I've had my sins all washed away;
I've the witness now within
That my soul is saved from sin.
And Salvation makes me happy all the day

Chorus:

Full Salvation, full and free,
I have got it and it just suits me;
I plunged into the crimson flood,
The blood of Jesus cleanses me.
As white as snow.

Since I have joined The Army,
Many battles I have won,
While fighting for my Lord and King;
And with my Saviour near,
I have no cause to fear,
And now for Christ my Saviour I will sing.

Now sinner come to Jesus,
And at His footstool bow,
He will pardon, save, and cleanse you all
just now.

If you will on Him believe,
And His full Salvation have,
With The Army up to heaven you shall go.

Tune: "Regent Square" B.T.B.

Thou to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words replying
To the weary cry of pain.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear us at Thy mercy-seat.

Every care and every sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small,
Yesterday, today, tomorrow,
When, where or it may befall,
Blessed Jesus,
Hear us at Thy mercy-seat.

Still the weary, sick, and sinful
Need a brother's, sister's care;
On Thy higher help relying,
May we now their burden share;
Blessed Jesus,
Hear us at Thy mercy-seat.

So may sickness, sin, and sorrow
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Recued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
Blessed Jesus,
Meet together round Thy feet.

\$ 2.00 STRAIGHT

into the sewer!!

See Next Week's Issue of The War Cry

SOME JUNIOR STORIES

Conscious of superiority was the boy, a trifle older than the usual heroes of my байна's paragraphs, who was met by a friend outside the offices of a firm with a capital of millions, and two thousand workpeople. "Hello, Dick!" said the friend. "Watcher lookin' at the office work sacker yet last week for? Are yer tryin' ter get took back?" The boy sniffed. "No fear!" he said. "I just dropped round to see if they was still in business!"

miss, lots of funerals!" He had, at any rate, used his experience to aid him to answer, like the boy in a country Sunday school who was asked how Jacob knew that it was Joseph who had sent for him to go to Egypt. "Because," he answered, "they saw his name on the wagons."

Marianna, a young lady of our acquaintance, had just begun the study of physical geography, and, feeling a step higher up the ladder of knowledge than her seven-year-old brother, began to inform him that the sky that looked so solid is not a coloured ceiling, but ether, and that you could go through it. "Ugh!" said Johnny, with his nose uplifted in harmony with the superiority of his tones, "have you only just learned that? I know that without studying physical geography. Doesn't it say 'He ascended into heaven'? How could Jesus go through if it was solid? You ought to think, you ought."

2136—Karl Fredrikson. Age 30, average height, dark hair, brown eyes. Last heard from at Moose Jaw, Sask. Brother anxiously enquires.

2137—Hans Elbert Wormald. Norwegian, age 31, brown hair, blue eyes, trade—carpenter, fisher and farm worker. Last heard from at Bersay, Sask. Sister longing for information.

2068—Ernest Edward Philbrick. Age about 50, emigrated to Canada from England in 1911, and when last heard from was working on the railroad in Winnipeg. Son anxious to locate.

2143—Thomas Leaton Johnson. Age 44, height 5 ft. 8 in., dark brown hair, dark eyes, fair complexion, laborer. Aged mother anxiously enquires.

2130—Gertie or Mary Stripes. Now married to a gentleman by the name of E. or J. Braun and lived on Maryland Street, Winnipeg with a Mrs. Martin for some time; also worked in the mail order at Eaton's. Father is lying sick in a Vancouver hospital and is extremely anxious to locate his daughter.

1883—John Ingelrigsten. Born in 1858, Norwegian, medium height, dark hair, blue eyes, shoemaker. Sister anxious to find him.

2142—Frederick Champion. Age 26, height 5 ft. 8 in., fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last known address in England, 19 Redro Lane, Cheriton. Went to Canada with his wife. Should this meet the eye of anyone knowing his present whereabouts, please communicate.

COMING EVENTS

Manitoba Chariot (Captain O. Donnell), Fri. Aug. 24, Dominion City; Sat. Aug. 25, Holmgville; Sun. Aug. 26, Noyes, Pennington; Mon. Aug. 27, Cramroy; Tues. Aug. 28, Noyes; Wed. Aug. 29, Sanford; Thurs. Aug. 30, Noyes; Fri. Aug. 31, Pannystelle; Sat. Sept. 1, Elmker; Sun. Sept. 2, Gravelly; Mon. Sept. 3, Noyes; Tues. Sept. 4, Noyes; Wed. Sept. 5, Noyes; Thurs. Sept. 6, Noyes; Fri. Sept. 7, Noyes; Sat. Sept. 8, Noyes; Sun. Sept. 9, Noyes; Mon. Sept. 10, Noyes; Tues. Sept. 11, Noyes; Wed. Sept. 12, Noyes; Thurs. Sept. 13, Noyes; Fri. Sept. 14, Noyes; Sat. Sept. 15, Noyes; Sun. Sept. 16, Noyes; Mon. Sept. 17, Noyes; Tues. Sept. 18, Noyes; Wed. Sept. 19, Noyes; Thurs. Sept. 20, Noyes; Fri. Sept. 21, Noyes; Sat. Sept. 22, Noyes; Sun. Sept. 23, Noyes; Mon. Sept. 24, Noyes; Tues. Sept. 25, Noyes; Wed. Sept. 26, Noyes; Thurs. Sept. 27, Noyes; Fri. Sept. 28, Noyes; Sat. Sept. 29, Noyes; Sun. Sept. 30, Noyes; Mon. Oct. 1, Noyes; Tues. Oct. 2, Noyes; Wed. Oct. 3, Noyes; Thurs. Oct. 4, Noyes; Fri. Oct. 5, Noyes; Sat. Oct. 6, Noyes; Sun. Oct. 7, Noyes; Mon. Oct. 8, Noyes; Tues. Oct. 9, Noyes; Wed. Oct. 10, Noyes; Thurs. Oct. 11, Noyes; Fri. Oct. 12, Noyes; Sat. Oct. 13, Noyes; Sun. Oct. 14, Noyes; Mon. Oct. 15, Noyes; Tues. Oct. 16, Noyes; Wed. Oct. 17, Noyes; Thurs. Oct. 18, Noyes; Fri. Oct. 19, Noyes; Sat. Oct. 20, Noyes; Sun. Oct. 21, Noyes; Mon. Oct. 22, Noyes; Tues. Oct. 23, Noyes; Wed. Oct. 24, Noyes; Thurs. Oct. 25, Noyes; Fri. Oct. 26, Noyes; Sat. Oct. 27, Noyes; Sun. Oct. 28, Noyes; Mon. Oct. 29, Noyes; Tues. Oct. 30, Noyes; Wed. Oct. 31, Noyes; Thurs. Nov. 1, Noyes; Fri. Nov. 2, Noyes; Sat. Nov. 3, Noyes; Sun. Nov. 4, Noyes; Mon. Nov. 5, Noyes; Tues. Nov. 6, Noyes; Wed. Nov. 7, Noyes; Thurs. Nov. 8, Noyes; Fri. Nov. 9, Noyes; Sat. Nov. 10, Noyes; Sun. Nov. 11, Noyes; Mon. Nov. 12, Noyes; Tues. Nov. 13, Noyes; Wed. Nov. 14, Noyes; Thurs. Nov. 15, Noyes; Fri. Nov. 16, Noyes; Sat. Nov. 17, Noyes; Sun. Nov. 18, Noyes; Mon. Nov. 19, Noyes; Tues. Nov. 20, Noyes; Wed. Nov. 21, Noyes; Thurs. Nov. 22, Noyes; Fri. Nov. 23, Noyes; Sat. Nov. 24, Noyes; Sun. Nov. 25, Noyes; Mon. Nov. 26, Noyes; Tues. Nov. 27, Noyes; Wed. Nov. 28, Noyes; Thurs. Nov. 29, Noyes; Fri. Nov. 30, Noyes; Sat. Dec. 1, Noyes; Sun. Dec. 2, Noyes; Mon. Dec. 3, Noyes; Tues. Dec. 4, Noyes; Wed. Dec. 5, Noyes; Thurs. Dec. 6, Noyes; Fri. Dec. 7, Noyes; Sat. Dec. 8, Noyes; Sun. Dec. 9, Noyes; Mon. Dec. 10, Noyes; Tues. Dec. 11, Noyes; Wed. Dec. 12, Noyes; Thurs. Dec. 13, Noyes; Fri. Dec. 14, Noyes; Sat. Dec. 15, Noyes; Sun. Dec. 16, Noyes; Mon. Dec. 17, Noyes; Tues. Dec. 18, Noyes; Wed. Dec. 19, Noyes; Thurs. Dec. 20, Noyes; Fri. Dec. 21, Noyes; Sat. Dec. 22, Noyes; Sun. Dec. 23, Noyes; Mon. Dec. 24, Noyes; Tues. Dec. 25, Noyes; Wed. Dec. 26, Noyes; Thurs. Dec. 27, Noyes; Fri. Dec. 28, Noyes; Sat. Dec. 29, Noyes; Sun. Dec. 30, Noyes; Mon. Dec. 31, Noyes.

Tune: "Lead, kindly light"

Speak Saviour, Speak, I'm listening for Thy voice.
Speak Thou within:
O make me whole that I may now rejoice,
Forgive my sin:
O Saviour, Speak the word of life to me,
That I, just now, from sin may be set free.

Speak, Saviour, speak, Thy voice can wake the dead.
Speak now to me;
Speak to my heart, 'tis in Thy Word I've read.
"Come unto Me."
And "him that cometh Thou wilt not cast out."

I trust Thy Word, I trust without doubt,
Speak, Saviour, speak, I hear Thy voice within,
Speaking to me:
Thy blood doth cleanse, it cleanses from all sin.

I cleanse me:
I have Thy peace, Thy Spirit, now within.
I'm born of God, delivered from my sin.

Speak, Saviour, Speak, Thy still small voice doth bring
Sweet peace and rest:
It fills my soul, I cannot now hut sing,
I am so blest:
And when my Soldier days on earth are o'er,
I'll sing Thy praise where purings are no more.—R.G.B.

Tune: "I'll stand for Christ"

Walking with Jesus day by day;
Talking with Him along the way;
He understands—His ways are best:
Doing His will—our souls are blest.
—Ivan Halsey

Tune: "Bells of St. Mary"

There's no one like Jesus can cheer me to-day,
His love and His kindness can ne'er fade away;
In winter or summer, in sunshine or rain,
My Saviour's affections are always the same.

2146—Robert H. Gordon. Age 22, height 5 ft. 2 in., fair hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion, farm laborer. Last heard from 1923, by sister enquiring.

2147—Robert James Wiley. Age 26, height 5 ft. 10 in., blue eyes, fair complexion, bridge over nose, green eyes, 12 years. Last heard from 1923, by sister enquiring. (See photo in this issue.)

2148—James Saunders. Age 66, height 5 ft. 8 in., dark hair, blue eyes, last heard from 1923, by sister enquiring. (See photo in this issue.)

2149—William B. Brandt. Age 45 years of age, German, medium height, last heard from ten years ago in Winnipeg. Wife and children in Germany.

2072—Albert Victor Haskins. Age 51, average height, last heard from August 1927, Edmonton, Alta. Wife and children in Germany.

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